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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Heroes

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or teach as gray-haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth, are the heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise.
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done,
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod;
For freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the gleam above is the smile of God.
So in his isle of calm delight
Jason may sleep the years away:
For the heroes live, and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1912. NUMBER 13.

When the first man rubbed two sticks together and produced a flame, he thought that he was doing no more than cooking his own supper thereby; but he did cook his own supper, and he started the train on which you ride, the mill that grinds your wheat, the loom that weaves your clothes, the kiln that bakes your bricks today. He did not get gratitude? What right had he to gratitude? You will receive no reward? What right have you to reward? What title has any man to honors for doing only what he should? No, my friend, what you will get will not be gratitude, reward, honors. What you will get will be jeers, insults, ignominy—and therein lies your salvation. Do you, then, strike the light, let the flame show what it will, betray what it will, consume what it will. One thing it will do: it will shine far ahead. You are not benefiting your present self. You are benefiting only distant others. You are only planting that others may reap. In God's name, what else are we here for?

—Reginald Wright Kauffman in the Conservator.

The Nineteenth Universal Peace Congress is to be held at Geneva, Switzerland, this year, beginning August 26, and lasting one week. Those interested in the peace movement who purpose visiting Europe this summer will do well to apply for a delegate's credentials to Charles E. Beals, secretary of the Chicago Peace Society, 30 North La Salle street, or to the office of the Peace Society nearest to the resident.

Another member of the poet band that was wont to illuminate the pages of UNITY with the sweet songs of the spirit, has gone to her rest. Mrs. Anna H. Frost, in the ripeness of a good old age, came into peace in Keene, N. H., on the 21st inst. For many years she was a loving, loyal member of All Souls Church, Chicago. She was always a careful reader of UNITY, and, until age dimmed her eyes, a frequent contributor to the same. We will let her sing her own "In Memoriam" and write her own confession of faith in another column, in the lines entitled, "Mine Own."

The Anti-Cigarette League has set forth June 23 as their "church day," and invites the help of all those who are interested in making war on the cigarette. It hopes for a million members of the League by Thanksgiving, and those interested in this entirely legitimate and most necessary battle for purity will do well to send for printed matter to the headquarters of the Anti-Cigarette League, 1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago. Apropos to this campaign, the *Century* magazine for June will contain an article that is pertinent, by Charles B. Towns, entitled, "Help for the Hard Drinker, or, What Can be Done to Save the Man Worth While?" Those who read the article by the same author on "The Injury of Tobacco" in the March *Century*, will read this article with accumulated interest.

We are glad to print in our news column the program of the Summer School of Theology, to be held in Oxford, England, July 22, to August 2. It hopes for and will deserve not only interdenominational but international representation, as the list of lectures shows. The inaugural lecture will be given by the Very Reverend, the Dean of St. Paul's. The subjects, as well as the speakers, indicate the cosmopolitan character of the lectures and the universal quality of the subject-matter. We have often put ourselves on record in the interest of thoughtful vacations, the resting power of new ideas, the restoration to body and mind that comes from contact with congenial brains and honest spirits. Let those who go to England for their summer rest go by the way of Oxford and drink from this life-giving fountain.

Kansas is still a prophetic state. This is the way it opens up before one minister who turned to the land of sunflowers for an open chance. He writes:

We are here since Easter. Human nature is much the same everywhere, but the expression thereof is more delightful in spots. Kansas seems to have a spiritual undertow that fertilizes all the surface of its life. . . . Our men are alert, and a good big bunch of them are around me and will follow me to the last ditch. I have an average of twenty men every Sunday in my study discussing the problems of the day with me. Mighty interesting.

Our prayer-meeting now is for the "breaking of bread and prayer." A simple supper at 6:30 Thursday. I call it the P. T. E.—Pleasant Thursday Evening. Average attendance seventy-five.

Last evening, in place of a Denominational Brotherhood we formed a Civic League. Our leading Hebrew is on the Social Service Committee. The Investigation Committee is to make a social survey of the town and on the basis of this the Social Service Committee will recommend to the town the erection of a neighborhood center, auditorium, bowling alleys, rifle range, [The editor would like to cut this out] swimming pool, civic lectures, health lectures, rural lectures, etc., etc. Then by and by we'll have a Thursday half-holiday. It will help give a black eye to prostitution and boot-legging. Erect the concrete good and the devil will die of ennui. Come and talk to us on neighborhood Center opening day,—why not?

Yes, we are having a good time in as liberal a church as one could wish for. Many thanks for UNITY. It is a great Universe and Eternity is long, very long. What fun!

While in some quarters there is great nervousness manifested concerning a possible influx of foreigners from over the Pacific, it is well to be reminded from Washington of the mighty tide of immigration that still flows to our shores from over the Atlantic. We

are told that there are nearly two million foreign-born citizens in New York City, over six hundred thousand more than there were ten years ago. The source of this immigration is suggestive if not ominous. The German and Irish have fallen off, while the Italian population shows an increase of two hundred thousand. The Hungarian population has more than doubled. Roumania, a country scarcely named twenty-five years ago in the statistics, now shows over thirty-two thousand people in New York. The Turks have been multiplied by eight in ten years; the Greeks multipled by six. The northern countries of Europe show no such increase. All this shows that the digestive capacity of the United States is being tested by other than the Mongolian races that come to us from the West. But to our mind there is no cause for alarm. Two generations in the public school will make good "Yankees" of these South European peoples. Meanwhile, the great Church of Rome, willy-nilly, is being drafted into the high service of making American citizens.

Congregationalism and Boston Unitarianism

Rev. Thomas Van Ness, in his farewell sermon the other day at the Second Church, in Boston, the historic old church of the Mathers, and the church to which Emerson once ministered, "talked right out in meeting" and arraigned the church, so far as its government was concerned, for having fallen into the hands of a little oligarchy of pew proprietors. Congregationalism, he said, had absolutely died out of the church; was completely suffocated; and he said it in strong terms, which have made the Unitarians in Boston sit up and take notice. This is what he said:

> Strangely enough we have faltered upon the very side where it would be supposed we would be most constant. The third clause of our Saratoga platform reads, "This Conference recognizes the fact that its constituency is congregational in tradition and polity." Congregational! Yes: churches free and independent, churches in which every member counts for one, churches in which affairs are managed as they are in town meeting by all the people in their direct capacity, churches in which not a few, but the many, are supreme. It is interesting and instructive to go back and read how much this method of church government meant to certain advanced Puritans. They were willing to suffer for it, to be imprisoned for it, even to die for it. Brownists they were called,—Independents. Such were the Pilgrim Fathers; such Elder Brewster and such his follower, Bradford, who has written the story of the Plymouth plantation. In time all the Puritan churches founded in and about Boston became Congregational in their form of government. How could it be otherwise? Congregationalism in the church, the town meeting in the village. Thus was this new American civilization made a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. Just when the Second Church and various others slipped from this original basis I do not know. We might forgive any other church for departing from popular administration; but for the Second Church, with its triumphant cry, "We the Lord's free people," thus to depart seems little short of a crime. What member of the Second Church, in Lathrop's time, when that minister was standing forth so valiantly for the principle of no taxation without representation, would have predicted that in another hundred years his own beloved "Church spiritual" would illustrate just such a condition of "taxation without full representation," and yet here to-day pew renters, seat holders, and general subscribers to the maintenance of the religious and philanthropic activities have no voice in the policy, guidance, or plan of administration of the corporation; nor do church members and communicants as such have any right to decide important questions as to hours of services, the kinds of services, the music which shall be rendered, the liturgical book which shall be used, the particular person who shall be the minister, or anything in regard to that minister.

This is an extraordinary impeachment; but we are assured that the statement is absolutely true, and that the condition thus pictured in the Second Church and long prevalent there obtains in many others of the old Boston Unitarian churches. Charles F. Dole and other democratic folk who take their Congregationalism seriously, have earnestly protested against it; but it would seem as if they needed to lift up their voices much louder, and as if they needed a great deal of help.

Editorial Wanderings

THE LAKE MOHONK CONFERENCE

It is not the fault of the editorial management if Lake Mohonk is not a familiar name to UNITY readers. But through many years it has stood in the mind of the editor and in the columns of UNITY chiefly as the annual meeting place of the friends of the Indians and other dependent or subject races and the friends of peace and the students of international arbitration problems.

But now Lake Mohonk takes on the charm of a mountain fairyland. The lake itself is a little spoonful of pure water, half a mile long, with the proportional width that becomes a spoon. The water is deep and clear and cold, perched away up on the heights a thousand feet or more above sea level, with no inlet or outlet. Geologists hint of deep underground connections with some far-off waters, perhaps those of Lake Erie itself. Lake Mohonk is but two or three hours' ride by rail from New York City, eight or nine miles by trolley and private carriage from Poughkeepsie, which is half a day's ride up the Hudson from the great metropolis. It is in Ulster County, the county which, it is claimed, next to the citrous belt of California, most affects the fruit market of the world.

But Lake Mohonk is an institution and not a body of water; and the six-thousand acre estate with its variety of field and mountain, of lake and forest and flowers, recedes into the background as the human story grows into clearness. The story of the Quaker twins, the Smiley Brothers, and their discovery and development of these mountain resorts, is as unique in the world of business as it is in the world of morals and reform. These school-masters discovered not only the charm of these mountain fastnesses, but they discovered their commercial value. They developed not only an interest in the poor Indian and the cause of

peace, but they developed a business sagacity which bought up farm after farm that threatened the privacy or the sanctity of Nature's beauties, and they managed the whole so astutely that the lake and the Smiley skill in managing a summer resort wooed the rich men of New York and vicinity in such a way that the thing paid, paid enough to convert acres of the mountain tangle into beautiful flower gardens, and to cause a hundred miles or more of beautiful mountain roads to turn and return around crags and up cliffs in a charming way. And for twenty-nine years, they made money enough to enable them at the close of each season in October to invite the friends of the Indian to this retreat, and for seventeen years, at the opening of the season, in June, to invite the friends of peace. Eminent men and women, in sympathy with these causes, have been invited to come and take possession of this beautiful citadel which, during the "season," is available only to the elect in morals and in purse. At the outset, these Quakers undertook to make a summer home for the city people that were able to pay for it, where all drink, card-playing, dancing, and smoking were prohibited. We believe the lines have been somewhat slackened, but the temperance line is still inexorable, and the man with the bottle and the man with the automobile are alike excluded from this retreat, which is, as Isabel Barrows, in her attractive little booklet, calls it, "a moral citadel."

At last the attractions of many years overcame the distractions, and the editor of UNITY was permitted to *see* Lake Mohonk, to meet, eye to eye, hand to hand and heart to heart, the surviving twin, Albert K. Smiley, his efficient brother Daniel, and his gracious wife, and for three days to mingle with some three hundred and fifty other guests who came to listen and to counsel in the interest of the Lake Mohonk Conference in its eighteenth annual meeting. The spacious and sunny parlor was converted into an admirable audience room, and the crowded program filled the entire forenoon and evening, the afternoon being left open for rides and walks beatific. The personnel of the conference was most attractive. Here were representatives from Canada, Norway, Germany, Switzerland, Persia, India, and Buenos Ayres. Here were professors from Columbia, Swarthmore, Vassar, Harvard, Toronto, the University of South Carolina, and other colleges. Here were representatives of the diplomatic corps, of the bench, of the bar, of the press, the pulpit, and the exchange, and perhaps most impressive of all, of the army and navy. The topics discussed ranged throughout the entire realm of the peace subject. President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, presided, and gave the keynote of the Conference in a remarkable opening address on "The International Mind." It is a hopeless task to try to put into our little pint measure of UNITY even a hint of the wisdom, the learning, and, better yet, the ethical insight and religious fervor that filled the Lake Mohonk of the spirit with revelations and inspirations, arguments and incentives. So much of this as is found printable will in due time appear in one or more volumes which will be indispensable in the library of those who would make a careful study of the subjects involved.

But we cannot forego the pleasure of bearing personal testimony to the humanitarian warmth in the testimony of General Stewart L. Woodford and of Rear-Admiral Chadwick on the follies and wickednesses of war, the meaning of the agitation for peace and the lamentable blindness that led the reactionary senators in their stupidity and conceit to give temporary defeat to what must eventually be the triumphant success of arbitration treaties, not only between England and France, but between all the civilized powers of the globe.

A pleasant incident one afternoon was the awarding of prizes to undergraduate students who had passed through the oratorical contest of the Inter-collegiate Peace Association, three hundred orators representing eighty colleges and universities in eleven different states had been sifted by local, district, and state contests. Then at last there came up to Mohonk the two rival best. President Thwing of the Western Reserve University, at Cleveland, presided. The contesting orators were Russell Wiseman, of the Western Reserve, and P. B. Blanchard, of the University of Michigan. The one spoke on "National Honor and Vital Interests," the other on "The Roosevelt Theory of War." The judges, as well as the audience, regretted that there could not have been two first *best*, but were glad that there were two prizes, one of one hundred dollars and one of seventy-five dollars, the Michigan man coming first. These were no mere boy performances, as was evidenced by the prompt announcement that individuals in the audience were prepared to arrange and pay all expenses for a repetition of the orations in Philadelphia, New York, and perhaps other cities. These prizes were offered by the Misses Seabury, and other prizes were promptly offered for future collegiate contests in the interest of peace.

THE BOSTON MAY MEETINGS

It is a dangerous thing for one who has broken the "Boston habit" to return to the temptations of that "capital of the humanities" and home of religious freedom and the open fellowship, for there is great danger of the return of the habit. After five years' absence, the editor of UNITY found himself once more at the May meetings, five days, seven speeches, three banquets, endless hand-shakings, tender reminiscences reaching back through forty years, aching voids, hearty welcomes and delightful fellowship through it all. How the hairs of the comrades had whitened, and

how the bulk of the young men had been increased! The slender striplings from the the theological schools, with the romantic paleness witnessing to studious lives, have grown stalwart, the countenances ruddy, and some of them are threatened by aldermanic proportions, witnessing to the fact that the clergy who go to the May meetings, in Boston at least, are not starved, perhaps are fed on the fat of the land.

What the editor said at the Ministerial Union concerning "The Call of the City Upon the Churches," at the Temperance Society meeting, the Berry Street Conference, the meeting for social service, and the Free Religious Association's meetings, can be guessed by the readers of UNITY. It was only the old message of brotherhood and the old plea for the practice of religion on the part of church organizations as well as church members.

The meetings of the American Unitarian Association were disturbed with a promising restlessness and a hopeful discontent. There were enough disturbances of the peace to indicate a prophetic leaven at work and to promise more trouble ahead, which means, of course, more growth and more prophecy. Mere questions of technical administration, how to nominate, and how to elect officers, etc., etc., were technically important, probably significant, but to the man farther away on the outer rim they seemed a bit tiresome. But when a resolution condemning capital punishment was passed with a decisive negative minority, and when a resolution on woman's suffrage which had been politely returned with recommendation that "it be not acted upon for expediency reasons" was vigorously reclaimed from the floor by a short and snappy debate, when a woman minister who had served apprenticeship in the West, moved that the original resolution be substituted for the recommendation of the committee and it was passed with a cheerful and exultant majority, was an obstinate, decisive minority objecting, it was evident that the A. U. A. was still alive to new issues. This valuable institution justifies its claim of "keeping up with the times." In fact, it is quite in fashion because it, too, has its "insurgents," and, happy omen, the insurgency is along sociological, not theological, lines; it is the ferment of the economic and ethical world that is stirring Asia as well as Europe and America, that is working in the quiet atmosphere of Boston and the altitudes of the Unitarian and transcendental heights of New England.

The Free Religious Association maintained its usual reputation as an invincible minimum. It won't die. The mighty inspirations of the past, the logic of the situation in the present and the lure of the future forbid all suicidal thoughts even if it doesn't live in any very great fashion over and outside of its always stimulating meetings and reassuring annuals. This year the subject was "The Relation of Church and State," a subject which called forth able and learned addresses from men who were determined to be fair. The subject was discussed from the standpoint of England by Professor Jacks, the editor of *Hibbert's Journal,* from the standpoint of France by Professor Bracq, of Vassar College, from the standpoint of India by Rustomjee, of Bombay, editor of the *Oriental Journal,* and from the standpoint of Boston and the United States, by the president, the Rev. C. W. Wendte. The banquet, which followed this morning session, was limited only by the capacity of the hall. Upward of two hundred and fifty sat down to dinner and afterward adjourned up stairs to discuss the papers of the morning. Although there was evident desire not to particularize on the part of the essayists, still the Catholic Church with its hierarchy, its aggressive prosperity, could not be kept out of it; and to one speaker at least, there was a note of alarm; sometimes an indication of pugnacious resentment manifested in the applause that was regrettable, for spite of its shortcomings and its conservatism, the Catholic Church is now, as it has been for fifteen hundred years, a mighty factor in civilization, a great digester of crude and barbaric material which has helped nourish civilization. Historically speaking, it is now, as it has been in the past, a mighty power making for democracy, not by its direct claims and assumed primacy, but from the sheer fact that it does lay hold of diverse and difficult elements. The pope himself is the most democratic potentate on earth that lays claim to "divine election" and celestial power. The discussion in the afternoon was opened by A. W. Martin, of the Ethical Culture Society, and, by a strange coincidence, he was followed by three Welshmen, native born of Wales, but now distributed from ocean to ocean. Professor Daniel Evans passed out of the Pennsylvania coal mines, through the schools of eminent Congregational pulpits, to be Professor of Theology in the renewed Andover Seminary; Professor W. S. Morgan came from a Welsh college through the Methodist ministry, we believe, into the Unitarian ministry, and now occupies a similar chair in the Pacific Unitarian School, at Berkeley, Cal. The third Welshman came from Chicago. We believe that the Free Religious Association has a contention that is still vital when it occupies the vantage ground to fight superstition, bigotry, clerical insolence, and ecclesiastical tyranny, but to our mind its other function of carrying the gospel of peace into the religious world, of discovering the harmonies and emphasizing the unities found in all religious movements is a still higher and nobler opportunity.

There were other interesting meetings and significant acts which for want of space can be only mentioned here; such as the meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, which, for organic and financial reasons, has ventured to go into a state of suspended animation while the American Unitarian Association assumes control. Henceforth the work of the Sunday-

school Society is to be conducted as a branch of the American Unitarian Association. All the "practical" arguments seemed to declare this step a wise one, but a higher prudence would hesitate to release from responsibility a well trained body of workers whose minds and hearts were set for service in and through the Sunday-school. Some years ago, the society, with its headquarters at Boston, reasoned in the same way concerning a Western Sunday-school society with headquarters in Chicago, with the result which we fear will be repeated in Boston; namely, the loss of personality and of enthusiasm without an adequate increase in dollars and the something called "efficiency" to compensate for the same. There are some things that cannot be *merged*, and some things that cannot be *incorporated* into the treasurer's report.

The editor staid to take the last train that would land him in Chicago in time to speak his memorial sermon last Sunday morning on "The Higher Politics of Today," in order that he might take part in the annual banquet of the Massachusetts Peace Society, which was, by the necessity of the situation, an unconscious Free Religious Association, a "Congress of Religion in brief," for here again, the nations, the denominations, the sects, and the sexes, met on common ground, rejoiced in a common contention which at its minimum goes half the way around the circle and at its maximum compasses the entire circumference of religion—a faith in God and a trust *in* and *for* man—*all* men.

THE CITY

This is my prison; look; these walls,
Grim in their stolid vesture of gray,
Tower about me day upon day
Till the voice of Beauty dies away,—
(And the Sea, how it calls, it calls! . . .)

This is my prison; evening falls
And my yearning eyes are deprived of the sight
Of the winter dusk on the breast of night,
Of the molten glow of the sunset light,—
(And the Sea, how it calls, it calls! . .)

This is my prison; how it palls!
With its painted lips and shallow smile,
My heart is sick with the breath of guile,
Why must I tarry so long a while
(When the Sea, it calls, it calls! . .)

—*Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff in the International.*

FLOWN AWAY

On the bare, brown boughs before me,
In the softly falling rain,
Rests a blue bird—now, upstarting,
See how suddenly she's darting
Far away across the plain.

She is lost in misty darkness,
Will she pierce beyond the grey?
Will she reach the blue behind it?
Will she pause when she shall find it?
Will she know it? Who can say?

—*Dora Read Goodale*

THE PULPIT

The Church Thinking for and With Its Community

By Rev. Quincy Dowd, of Roscoe, Ill.

Surely, as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand.—Isaiah 14:24.

If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things.—Phil. 4:8.

In Robert Elsmere, the author has Rose Leyburn say, of the old inhabitants of Long Whindale, Westmoreland: "I admit they are born and die, but they do nothing else of a decisive kind." This opens the way to a more significant saying: "The decisive events of the world take place in the intellect."

The not alarming thesis of this paper is that the community is the big interest, indeed is the *whole* thing. Any community, from the largest to the least, includes all elements and factors; all groups and organizations of an entire society. Government, education, industry, social life, religious fellowship and service, these are called into being and exist for the community's sake.

A few things wait to be said about the church as a self-conscious entity.

1. The church is undergoing a slow change of heart; or better, a change in mind and thinking. She begins to vision her permanent vocation, her active mission to and in society.

2. She opens her eyes to the necessity of scientific management in her business and work.

3. She adjusts herself to her fluid, mobile environment; yes, and to a different human situation as to social and industrial elements.

4. The church learns her fresh gospel emphasis, not so much now on religious, extensive and explosive preaching, as on intensive, ethical, and social teaching, after the manner of Jesus, and using his substance of doctrine, too.

5. The church, like every other active agency, as farming, lumbering, railroading, manufacturing, has been over-busy "mining," that is, exhausting its local fields and resources. Denominations try to profit on get-big-quick returns. This has been a disastrous policy. Churches go bankrupt, their communities ruined and dying morally. Affairs as thus mis-managed, are a scandal to Christianity. Piety and society deteriorate together.

6. But here and there through the whole Christ-body, the church, signs of good sense and grace appear. The get-together spirit is prevalent. Co-operation, federation, combination, expansion, or what-not, is the moral-social necessity of the times.

7. To sum it up, "*thinking* on these things" is vastly more to the point than to go on *doing*, as has been the style to do, though the church were to do a thousand times more than in the past on her old lines. Hence the chief business of localities and of regions-at-large, is thorough, concerted surveying of our respective fields, with soil analysis and seed tests. This survey carried out in the significant, comprehensive way, puts a church into the card-catalogue class with its system.

It comes home to us by a church-wide query, are we wise and spiritual enough to *know* what we ought to know? Are we ready to ask the right questions in our districts under survey, to go to *all* the persons

involved in our local problem with its church opportunity? The investigation must be broad and minute enough so that no factor in community ill-being or well-being is omitted. But chiefly, let me ask, are churches and ministers getting prepared to assemble all this fresh data and use it scientifically and Christianly, whatever the denominational sacrifice, and whatever the church service exacted face to face with any whole collection of community facts?

Now for the main pertinent points touching the church thinking *for* and *with* its community.

1. The community stands in need of someone's thinking for it.

2. The church has made community-thinking of a sort *her* affair, and her part up till now.

3. There are certain live matters affecting community welfare and ill-fare which require a lot of courageous, sincere, expert thinking by Christians.

These things being so, how can church-thinking *for* the community be transmuted into appreciative, wide-awake thinking on the community's own part? That is, what measures are to be invented and evolved whereby any whole community shall think together? The essential success is in gaining a mass movement with its mass momentum in the interest of social safety and communal up-building.

(a) First as to the present need of intelligent, expert *thinking* by *churches* on the community's behalf. This must be no side issue, no secondary thought and purpose. It should have all the concentrated mind and spunk that Jehovah of hosts put into his declaration, "Surely, as I have thought, so it shall come to pass." As it is, in large towns a great deal of such skilled thinking has gone into effect, shown by the public service springing from it. But thousands of villages and rural districts are yet all but destitute of constructive, helpful thinking and planning in their midst. Even the churches have taken no interest in their public to perform works for the benefit of entire neighborhoods. Rather the tendency among farmers and villagers is to discourage local improvements and safeguards. They are prone to be jealous of each other, and draw back from expense and labor by which anybody else might possibly gain. Churches look on, too often oblivious of the bad lack of the necessary leadership to set good things in motion for the community.

Let us specialize; that is, itemize a little. Almost any village or countryside tells the same story; shows the same aspect of poverty and neglect as to thinking. What careless, wasteful, ineffective road repairing is seen, this rural work not to be dignified by being called road building. Also in the matter of district school property; what meanness as to grounds; how unkempt in many cases; what utter lack of utensils for games and play. This oversight of what is needful is, of course, indicative of lack of educational cooperation between patrons and teachers. Then, too, even in the richest, most fertile portion of Illinois, farm life and country prosperity show a diminishing rate. Soil is deteriorating. Crop yields for the past decade are less. Population falls off. Many rural and town churches have closed doors and gone out of business during this period of declension. Of the churches still having a living name, some of them are healthy, but a very large percentage are losing ground, reduced in numbers and efficiency. In a district of east central Illinois, including thirteen counties having forty-four communities and two hundred and twenty-five churches, only forty-four per cent of these churches are thriving; thirty per cent are losing out; twenty-six per cent are at a standstill. There is one church to every five hundred and eleven of population, with an average membership of one hundred and sixty-eight and average attendance of ninety-three. Their Sunday-schools average one hundred and five members, with an average attendance of sixty-seven. Moreover, forty-eight per cent of residents in the forty-four communities, are un-churched; i. e., do not attend church. To them the church is dead; its ministers are only resurrected at funerals. Of the existing churches, thirteen pay no regular salary; while the average salary paid to ministers by churches in this wealthiest corn belt of the world, land selling at $225 per acre, is $835.35 a year. In one church, where the young consecrated minister is giving his very life-blood for his people, his salary is but $500, though in the same congregation last year, six automobiles were bought by farmers belonging to this church, all of them high-priced machines. The three months' survey findings in that choice region tell a pathetic, also a shameful story, be it in things educational, industrial, social, moral, or material. To be sure, there are a few bright spots, places where church and community work in unison, think in common, and prosper together. But elsewhere, for want of such community-thinking on the part of the church, there is widespread running down—a general apathy toward community well-being, which, of course, carries with it a slump in things religious. The ominous thing to take note of, is that this report made by a Presbyterian expert regional survey would hold true throughout America today as to rural and town neglect; i. e., church thoughtlessness about the public good. The blame lies on churches fully as much as on citizens.

(b) Who shall begin this right thinking? Shall not the church try it? We want a new type and new order of God-prophets, preachers of community facts, *bad* as they are; of sins against good farming; sins and guilt due to slackness in the public school work, and want of community and church intelligence with local support; sins of miserable roads, so much of the time impassable; sins of farm desertion by owners and the poor lease system in vogue—these sins bunching up in a divided rural population where sectarian, sporadic emotionalism stalks in the guise of religion, leading to over-churching nearly every community. From this all but criminal sin grows the splitting up of neighborhoods. Their spiteful rivalries make people unwilling to co-operate in community betterment for fear that one or the other church may thrive thereby. Let us turn this ugly picture to the wall, while we consider both the possibility and actuality of a church thinking *for* its community. This must usually be the initial act of a church. Seldom, if ever, does a private individual in a community assume leadership for local improvement. A Woman's Club may; a school principal may; a special organization, as the Grange, or Village Improvement Association may; but almost necessarily such leadership falls to the local minister, if he is a standby. His is the position to rally a group of people, be they of his church or of the community-at-large. These sense the situation with him and respond eagerly to some concerted effort to pull things out of the old rubbish-heap. Of course, it requires insight, not to say, out-sight. It

takes considerable address in selecting the most available co-adjutors. The group members of this are willing to experiment on this or that particular job to be handled, possibly to fall at it; but they have quickness to seize the next piece of community reconstruction, which possibly will not fail. In other words, the church in village and country has to *know* itself, *know* its total environment; *know* every factor, not only that pulls down and dismantles its fair structure, but even more, those factors which enter into its needs, its activities, and its prosperous living. Living in the country should be satisfying and cultural for six days in the week, being sympathetically handled by the church. The whole week should be as satisfactory as is the holy Sabbath—God's day, and the soul's. We may sing rapturously on Sunday about that place "where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end," and where it is ever "sacred, high, eternal noon," but somehow those former hymn sentiments could not be honestly satisfying to present-day saints and especially to sinners. Not until ministers and members get *all* the facts in hand and think out the church's relation and duty concerning their whole opportunity in the community are we on our job. There can be no doubt about the Lord's summons to the work of community salvation. It is ours to respond, "Here are we, Lord, send us."

(c) Next we come to some positive, advantageous matters which the church shall think out *for* the community.

A well-planned program, or order of communal good things to be secured, is a prime necessity. It may be a five-year or a ten-year schedule of events and efforts. This will mean patient, painstaking well-doing; yes, and a deal of community instruction and agitation. With this will go measures adopted by educational savants and religious experts to get the people together. Think of it! These "best people," the school and social elite, shall pull *themselves* together and manage to get there, just where the people assemble in happy throngs. May I ask how many or few members of the church and of the college force attend the annual Old Settlers' picnic at Ho-none-ga Park? Here's another: were the educated, religious, refined Beloiters at the local fair-grounds last year to share in the re-opening of your large Community fair? It is to be made a "Home-Coming" event this autumn. Will you be among the "comers"?

Roscoe has had phenomenal success the past two seasons at its Fall Fair Festival in getting the *whole* town-element together for a whole day. Our Roscoe day has for its main feature the enthusiastic response of the eight or ten district schools. This fact leads to enforcing the idea that a church thinking *for* its own community must specialize on the youth and children. A church must emphasize the one point, viz., that community betterment and development depends for a series of years on enlisting the young people in its favor. Does, then, our itemized schedule of good things to be done include tasks which can be turned into sports, and sports which are essentially tasks worth while? Our church-community thinking proves, therefore, to be an interesting game. It demands team-play. It calls on and calls out the children with teachers and parents. Last spring I attended the Inter-scholastic Meet on Keep Field, but I didn't meet a single college professor or well-known First Churchman in the crowd of high school contestants and on-lookers. Where should Christians and educators be, if not at the games?

Again, the church should set its community to thinking about having its own consolidated school, about high-grade teaching, about manual and agricultural practice. Nothing else is so pertinent to college-upbuilding as the right sort of district school development. The college and university, too, depend on general high-toned prosperity in the country. Instead of low-grade prosperity, or even poverty, around it, the church shall think out ways of increasing general prosperity; shall know just what to propose, and how to go at it to secure farm and family success. Hardly any prayer is more spiritual, none certainly fits the necessities of our case more snugly, than that ancient supplication, "O Lord, send now *prosperity"!* I have simply hinted at specimen thoughts of a thinking church bent on thinking for its community.

Now about a church thinking *with* its community. This is a harder piece of work than any other that ministers and churchmen have yet tackled. Do we ministers and average church-people know what our communities are thinking of, or what they think of the church? Do we want to know and dare to know? Pretty taxing questions these. How far apart do you think are the churches and their communities in their thinking habits? It might startle and affright our pious souls did we just know. For one thing, it will never do in fatuous religious and churchly conceit to fancy that the community ought to come over entirely to *our* way of thinking. The truth is that men, even churchmen, care next to nothing for a good deal of what the churches spend much time thinking over. Let me ask, could some church-thinking be cut out and people outside be none the worse for missing it, and we none the better for keeping it in stock? I believe that people generally have in them the religious vein, a stratum of soul-consciousness. I believe people generally care for genuine moral and social concerns. I believe the essential truths of God, immortality and right, have their popular appeal still. I believe there are enough high, human themes, enough sermon-texts and scriptural situations fitted to modern times to outlast the average longevity of ministers, at least over their dead-line.

Well now, shall not a church, too, like the Divine Teacher we call Lord, learn to think *with* our communities? Jesus found the *people* nearer to him than were the Pharisees and the orthodox scribes. To draw near to the community in trying to draw the community near to the church does not mean that the minister throws up the sponge. Nor does he surrender his function, or, if you please, his authority of religious teaching. Rather his is the true, vital, all-round teaching of religion, adapted to and up to the growth of modern men in their modern community life. Listen, I pray you, to much of the pulpit-teaching now shouted forth from twenty thousand pulpits; does it not disclose merely traditional phrases, having the conventional cant note, a discordant, false note at that? Too often the representative message of a minister is evidently gotten up to suit a paucity of his members, to curry favor with the small, confined church-market and its poor mind and poverty of thinking.

Really, friends, there is a kind of thinking of religion and on religious realities among men out on

the streets and over luncheon-tables which would be wholesome diet and exercise in the churches. The church must learn to think *with* a lot of thinking done outside its pent-in walls. Our need is to think things clear, but also to think them *whole*. Besides, if we would try to think more *with* our community, at least know to a finish what the community-thoughts are, and then treat their beliefs, their ideals, even their religious ignorance and suspicions of the church, with open sympathy, might we not hope to get more men to begin to think *with* the church? Ours to bring more men to understand *with us* what are the deep, eternal, living truths of God now to be set a-working in our midst.

This thinking on both sides may prove to be a slow, tedious piece of business, however; for so long have Protestant churches been occupied exclusively with their own pet lines of thinking, so little effort has been given to thinking with men of all sorts and of all thoughts, that the gulf between Protestant communities and their churches shows a wide chasm, ever widening. Probably the desirable and promising policy to take up just now is for churchmen to get at the thinking habits of people right about them on things affecting their secular and home affairs, their bad surroundings, it may be, not to be corrected by themselves alone, unsightly and unsanitary things which no health officer is on hand to remove. Ours to get interested in shop and factory and store conditions, their perils, also nuisances against public weal, which only need wise, brave thinking by the church *with* its community in order to gain relief and protection. Thus the church will again fulfill its commission of Saviourhood among men. The church, like its own Leader in salvation, discerns who is in trouble and can diagnose *what* is the trouble, always looking around upon its people in the community with those wide-open, observant eyes of compassion, with that gladness in offering help, with that unconquerable certainty of the good in men which responds to and freely exchanges good, which was Jesus' title to popular Masterhood. This it was that led Jesus, when commanding his disciples, to give them his perhaps most surprising of all orders in service, saying, "But love your enemies, and do them good and lend, never despairing—(the better reading 'despairing of no men'); and your reward shall be great, and you shall be sons of the Most High: for he is kind toward the unthankful and evil." (Luke, 6:35.)

As churches we seem at a pitiful pass so far as community support goes. Multitudes scarcely know that your church, or mine, exists; hardly, if at all, want the church around; find nothing to the point in the church touching life and interest. But this ugly fact does not prove the end of all things at hand. It was even more this way when it arrived and took up a new, original, human ministry *outside* synagogue and temple. Other periods have followed seeing the same separation between the "the elect church, the monastic ministry, and God's unpastored, non-folded flock of men. But ever and anon have popular ministries arisen and personal agencies gone forth to do the perennially required remedial, reviving, uniting work of thinking for and with whole communities.

It is only necessary today for church and minister to put their whole mind to this community spirit and think themselves straight. Anything, *anything* good and needful can happen then; for the community will put its mind alongside yours and join in thinking with the church for all concerned in unison with the God of all flesh.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notices

We are told, on the outside wrapper of the book, that *The Man Who Likes Mexico*[1] is "a unique and lively chronicle of a Gringo's travels and adventures among the Mexican people." It is a really well-written, sympathetic and interesting book, among the best of the many many travel books regarding our sister republic. But, Mr. Gilpatrick's "adventures" are never startling or blood-curdling. He waited long enough before writing to really know Spanish pretty well, and his Spanish words and expressions are real and generally correct, a statement that can be made regarding few other books of this class. His sympathy is genuine, if not very deep, and he really came into relations with Mexicans. He never, however, quite forgets that he is a gringo, and is amusingly happy when he gets back to Americans and can see, at a mining camp, "a fair, winsome American girl, in a fluffy, puffy, fleecy, white gown." He gives us good stuff now and again in Mexican folk-songs, and in those quaint stories, which have grown up in the remoter mining regions. His glimpses of mines and mining-life are good, whether they concern Mexicans or Americans. Mr. Gilpatrick likes both people and places, but he soon wearies of new surroundings, and longs to be off again. When in the mines he pines for Mexico City, when in the Capital, for the country, and at the end for the mines again. He ,himself, says: "Two ties unite my heart to Mexico—first, love of friends; last and always, her mountains." Yet the friends he really *loves*, are not Mexicans; Mexicans amuse him, interest him, give him ground for an apology—he is always recognizing human traits about them which he parades as if they were quite a discovery. But he does *not love* them, and at his best and happiest, he is only *among* them, never *of* them. On the whole, he is discriminating in his use of terms; the word *likes* is justified—he is "the man who likes Mexico."

At one time in his life, Henry M. Stanley planned to write his autobiography;[2] he began the task, but only carried it through his earlier years, through his experience in our Civil War, ending in 1862, at which time he was barely twenty years old. This autobiographical sketch occupies 215 pages of the book before us. The remainder, collated by Mrs. Stanley, is drawn from Stanley's journals, notes, and published writings, and consists of extracts connected into a fairly continuous narrative. The autobiography proper, although diffuse like all of Stanley's writing and *preachy* by intention, because he believes the story will stimulate other poor boys, is a human document of exceptional interest. Everyone knows that Stanley was born John Rowlands in Wales, and that he drifted to the United States; where—in New Orleans—he

1 *The Man Who Likes Mexico.* Wallace Gilpatrick. New York: 1912. The Century Co. 16° pp. (xi), 374. Price $2.00. net.

2 *The Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley.* (Popular edition). Boston and New York: 1911. Houghton, Miffin and Co. 16° pp. xvii, 551. Price $2.00, net.

met the benefactor from whom he adopted the name by which he is commonly known. Here we have the interesting story, from his own pen, of the unhappy days in the old workhouse, of his running away and seeking his relatives, of his struggles to earn a living with them in Wales and Liverpool, of his shipping as "cabin boy" and his maltreatment at sea, of his landing friendless and in need in a strange land, of his seeking work and meeting Stanley in New Orleans, of the events leading up to his adoption, of his strange, almost abnormal life with his adopted father, of the disappearance of his benefactor, of his enlistment in the Southern army and his experience as a soldier, of his imprisonment at Camp Douglass and his discharge, a physical wreck. So far the autobiography. It is a strange story, which goes far to explain much in the man's after life. Stanley's career as a journalist and a traveler is well known from his voluminous writings. Much of the story here given is presented in his own words, from notes and journals. First in the United States, later in Europe, Asia and Africa, he made name and fame as a newspaper writer and explorer. Of course, his *great* achievement was his African work in its four phases—the finding of Livingstone, the descent of the Congo, the founding of the Congo Free States, and the relief of Emin. Each of the four was the subject of a great special work, written by Stanley himself, and known to countless readers. It is well to have it here summarily presented, together with an outline of the less known and less spectacular events which preceded or accompanied them. The book becomes again particularly significant and interesting when it deals with the life of Stanley after his African career. In 1890 he married Dorothy Tennant and settled down in England. The story of his home life, his parliamentary career, and his last days are here presented as could only be done by Mrs. Stanley, and her judgment of his character has interest. Stanley had few friends and friendships; his nature was originally reserved and his experiences had aroused distrust. His discoveries, his motives and his statements were often suspected and denied. He was not infrequently embroiled in bitter personal controversies. He achieved a great work and left a great name. To read his story is to gain a better knowledge of the man, an appreciation of his strength and weakness, and an insight into the causes and influences which made and shaped him.

Of writing books on Egypt[3] there is no end. Here is one which makes no pretence to be a contribution to history, or archeology, or exploration, or travel. It is a strange book, different and apart; a book, toward which a discriminating reader feels as the author does toward Egypt itself. "Egypt may be a country that one is disposed to adore; but adoration in the face of facts, changes very soon to reason, even to detestation; for there is much in Egypt that evokes material and not merely theoretical detestation." . . . "It would seem that Egypt is, save for her history and her art, a distinctly uninteresting and distasteful country. Why then do white men go to Egypt, and why does she leave her mark upon them?" Ah, well! Francis goes to Egypt for her art and for her impressions. He travels from the Nile mouth to the Sudan. He is judging art achievement and he judges it apart from age. . . . The work of any age, if reasonably mature, must be judged upon its merits, for its technique and for the spirit that is revealed through or in spite of that technique. . . . . It is fatal to attempt to judge by mere age. Moreover, . . . the best work can stand criticism, whatever be its epoch." Our author takes us, step by step, over the journey, but he does not propose to serve as a guide-book, or to dole out direct information. "Detailed description conveys little enough and may be classed as the last resource of defective imagination." And, as René Francis does not suffer from defective imagination, one need look here for no detailed description—that is *of things*. But impressions and atmospheres, brilliant in coloring, beautiful, suggestive, critically appreciative, in carefully chosen words, these one finds in abundance. And they are evoked by and supposed over Islamic, Coptic and Pharaonic art alike. They please and stimulate, but for the full enjoyment of the book as *Egypt*, one must either have been in Egypt for himself, or have diligently thumbed the despised books of detailed information; for its full enjoyment as Aesthetics, one might perhaps best never go, have never read.

FREDERICK STARR.

[3] *Egyptian Aesthetics.* Rene Francis. Chicago: 1912. The Open Court Publishing Co. 8° pp. 276. Price $2.00, net.

MINE OWN

Mine own will surely come to me
From earth or air, from sky or sea;
Some heart-true friend is coming now,
I know not whence or when or how.

The Universe hath many ways,
But through the vast, ethereal maze
Some word to me of all the race
Unerringly its path will trace.

A little child with loving eyes
Will come to me from Paradise.
Upon my cheek her kisses press,
With words of love my Spirit bless.

Tree-shadows on the sunlit grass,
A Dawn-cloud ere its rose-flush pass—
One note will have for me alone
And I shall recognize mine own.

A star will flash supernal thought,
A friend from far will come unsought
To pass perhaps like ship at sea,
Yet leave eternal gifts with me.

No need have I to seek mine own;
As though in Space I swung alone,
Like tide to moon, like Soul to Fate,
To me mine own will gravitate.

While passion I—with Life attune—
That Law's majestic, happy rune
To ear intent its message sing
And gift of friend or star-thought bring.

—*Anna H. Frost.*

SPLENDID FAILURES

We meet them on the common way,
They passed and gave no sign,
The heroes that had lost the day,
The failures half-divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see
Their mighty ranks contain
Figures too great for victory,
Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

Here are earth's splendid failures, come
From glorious foughten fields;
Some bear the wounds of combat, some
Are prone upon their shields.

To us that still do battle here,
If we in aught prevail,
Grant, God, a triumph not too dear,
Or strength, like theirs, to fail!

—*Elizabeth C. Cardozo.*

JAMES LEE'S DEFENSE.

Apropos to Browning's "James Lee's Wife."

1. At the Window.

What's the use of meeting trouble?
Making one's load more than double?
Shape of clouds, many, few,
Won't mend matters 'twixt us two.
We must get right down to biz,
And wipe out each grievance, Liz.

2. By the Fireside.

Well! Here we sit by the fire.
Why don't you drink in its cheer,
Instead of piling up higher
The wrongs of the misspent year,
And wading as in a deep mire
To isles of quaking and fear?

3. In the Doorway.

It's always Nature with you,—
And sometimes, alas, it's Art.
But you'd never think it true
There was any good in my heart.
I can chop and split the wood for a fire,
But can never attain to anything higher.

Along the Beach.

Oh, of course I'll walk along the beach,
But don't harangue nor begin to preach.
I'm sick of it all, and I don't care a fig
Whether my learnin's little or big.
I do want peace and a pipe and rest,
And a woman who'll let me talk for zest.

5. On the Cliff.

There! You can stay on the cliff by the sea
And review your life so bitterly,
But I tell you, Liz, straight from the shoulder,
You've made your days a good deal colder,
As you will see when you're some older,
By blaming all ills on me.

6. Reading Under the Cliff.

Oh, yes, read a book, it's always your style,
But I can wear ragged clothes the while.
But even my rags won a ravishing smile
From Mollie and Jennie and Tess,
For they said it was plain my wife's high-brow
A needle and thread will not allow
To puncture her thoughts and coarseness endow,
And they gave a pretty straight guess.

7. Among the Rocks.

Go on with your scolding, Lizabeth mine,
(Did ever a woman have such a tongue,
Married or single, old or young?)
Who's to blame for this fuss? Why, me, of course.
I can feel of your fine spun logic no force,
And there isn't anyone else but me,
Who wouldn't with Lizabeth have to agree.

8. Beside the Drawing Board.

If you'd get down the old moulding board
That's up in the garret carefully stored,
And make me some cookies, or pie, or bread,
I almost think you could turn my head
And keep me away from the girls up the street
Now waiting for me, whom I'm bound to meet.
But no, the drawing board's better, no doubt,
Though Culture and Art may turn Love out.

9. On the Deck.

Well! What's the use? We could talk all day,
(Of course you'd have the most to say)
And we wouldn't agree, and neither would stop,
And not a principle would either one drop,
So here I go to the river, afloat
With laughing girls in my little boat.
You take another, with Culture and Art.
We'll face the world, but we'll live apart,
And with both of us right, and both of us wrong,
We'll welcome the future, and, Liz,—so long!

Ann Arbor, Michigan. MRS. H. S. RUSSELL.

Correspondence

SOCIALISM

Speaking of Socialism in a letter to UNITY a month or more ago, Mr. James Townsend asked who would do the "dirty, disagreeable and dangerous" work under a socialistic regime? Very briefly one might answer, "All the people, *part,* a small part of the time, at present part of the people do such work all the time—not a brotherly arrangement." More fully let me say when we have eliminated public (armies, navies, etc.) and private waste, our common resources will be considerable; then when we apply these resources to the public good by means of organization, machinery, etc., most of the dirty, disagreeable and dangerous work will be *non est.*

Today a comparatively small number of men control the major portion of the means of living, and "Profit" is their guiding star—human hands being cheap, they use them to do the dirty work. But Socialism means that the welfare of human beings is to be the chief concern of society, viz., everybody. Of course, under a most carefully worked out system, there will still be disagreeable work—a minimum. The suggestion of Prof. James quoted by H. G. Wells in a recent issue of *Harper's Magazine,* seems capable of covering all difficulties in that line. In substance, the suggestion is as follows:

That there be a certain period of compulsory State service for all adults—one year, more or less, would be sufficient, the women to be drafted for nursing, etc.; the men for the work of sanitation, mines, fisheries, etc.

Socialism calls for a higher sense of public duty than is now generally prevalent and for any unusual form of dangerous work that might be necessary there would doubtless be many volunteers—the element of danger often being an attraction—witness our air men.

Mr. Jones, in his Thanksgiving sermon of 1911 failed to number the Socialists among the "unconverted" forces working for world-wide Peace. Surely they are among the foremost. ANNA STANTON LAY.

AT SEVENTY-FIVE

At seventy-five, if one's alive,
Hale, hearty, is and sound;—
He fancies, then, "threescore and ten"
Mark not life's final bound.

At seventy-five, when men arrive
Through many changing years,
They boldly say: We'll drive away
All foolish doubts and fears.

For life is good; man's daily food
Is pleasant more than sad;
Though sometimes vexed and oft perplexed,
His soul is ever glad.

Glad that One knows and e'er bestows
The blessings that we need;
Glad that we still may do his will
And simple duties heed.

And so, my heart, go not apart,—
Thy life-work is not done;
Still give good cheer and have no fear
When sinks the setting sun.

May 28, 1912. —*Henry G. Spaulding.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION RESOLUTIONS.

The Free Religious Association at its annual meeting held May 23 unanimously adopted the following declaration concerning woman suffrage, the reduction of armaments and capital punishment:

The Free Religious Association, one of whose objects is to emphasize the supremacy of practical morality in all the relations of life, would give expression to its earnest convictions upon three matters of great moral and political moment which at this time conspicuously engage the public mind.

We greet with deep satisfaction the noteworthy advance during the past year of the movement in behalf of the equal rights of women; and we urge our people everywhere to such unremitting effort in this noble cause as shall secure the banishment of the sex line from every American definition of political privilege, as the color line is already proscribed by our national constitution.

As the commanding cause of Garrison's and Lincoln's generation was the war against slavery, the commanding cause of ours is the war against war; and we urge the government and people of the United States to take the position of leadership in this great movement which they ought to take by virtue of their history, their political principles, and the peculiar conditions of safety and influence which are theirs in the family of nations. Deploring the narrowness and partisanship which worked the recent mutilation by the Senate of the general arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France we urge our people to continued and untiring endeavor to secure the conclusion at the earliest possible day of treaties of equal or broader scope with all the leading nations of the world. Rejoicing in the notable development in this time of the machinery for the legal settlement of international disputes, we emphasize the duty of the corresponding curtailment of the machinery for their settlement by force; and we express our deep satisfaction and gratitude at the strong step taken in this direction by the naval committee of our house of representatives in its recent resolution against any addition the present year to our own force of battleships. We hail this courageous action as the promising beginning of a better policy, and appeal to all friends of peace and international progress to give it their earnest endorsement and support.

We record our condemnation of capital punishment, as unworthy of the civilization which we have achieved and useless for the purpose for which it is defended. History demonstrates that brutal crimes have not increased but have decreased with the gradual abandonment of cruel punishments. There is no more theft or other crime today than in the day when a hundred forms of crime sent their perpetrators to the gallows; and it is a matter of controversy whether there are more murders in communities where capital punishment is not the law than in those where it is. Even were this not true, it is a solemn truth that the demoralization of society and the debasement of the public mind through the continuance of this barbarous usage, with the inevitable attendant publicity, are the occasion of multiplied degradation and dangers for which nothing can compensate. While therefore urging the prompt and faithful execution of the law, we demand the abolition of capital punishment in this country.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY, OXFORD, 1912

LIST OF LECTURERS AND SUBJECTS

Philosophy of Religion.

Marett, Mr. R. R. (Exeter Coll., Oxford), "The Soul in the Light of Anthropology."

Oman, Prof. J. (Westminster Coll., Cambridge), "The Doctrine of God."

Rashdall, Rev. Canon H. (i) "The Nature of Religious Experience," (ii) "Eschatology and Ethics."

Selbie, Rev. Dr. (Mansfield Coll., Oxford), "Schleiermacher and his Theology."

Smith, Prof. J. A. (Oxford), "The Philosophy of Religion in Germany after Hegel."

Sorley, Prof. W. R. (Cambridge), "Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion."

Wickstead, Rev. P. H., "The Relations of Philosophy and Religion in the Mediæval Church."

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Cooke, Rev. Prof. G. A. (Oxford), "Studies in Ezekiel."

New Testament.

Bacon, Prof. B. W. (Yale), "Papias and Primitive Gospel Tradition."

Bartlet, Rev. Dr. Vernon (Mansfield Coll., Oxford), "The Historic Setting of the Pastoral Epistles."

Herford, Rev. R. T., "The Religion of the Pharisees."

Lake, Rev. Prof. Kirsopp (Leiden), "St. Paul and his Converts."

Milligan, Rev. Prof. (Glasgow), "The Language of the New Testament."

Moffat, Rev. Dr. J. (Mansfield Coll., Oxford), (i) "The Date of the Synoptic Gospels," (ii) "The Lord's Supper and the Fourth Gospel."

The Early Church.

Bartlet, Rev. Dr. Vernon, "The Odes of Solomon."

Carlyle, Rev. Dr. (University Coll., Oxford), "Individuality and Unity in the New Testament."

Gardner, Prof. P., "The Transition from Pagan to Christian Art."

Odgers, Rev. Dr. (Manchester Coll., Oxford), "Christianity and the Later Paganism."

Comparative Religion.

Carpenter, Rev. Dr. (Manchester Coll., Oxford), "Studies in the Comparative Literature of Prayer."

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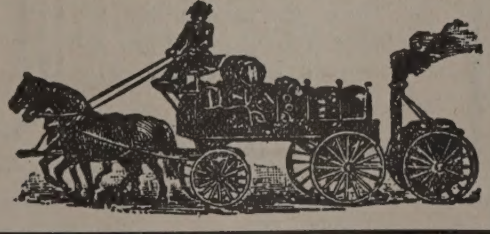

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